

The Saturday Evening Post.

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CONDITIONS.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thou hast beheld, when childhood blossomed
And to the morning gave its rich perfume,
Thou hast beheld its petals grace display,
Rejoicing in the Eden of its bloom:
Dear is the loveliness of childhood, fair,
Rich is the fragrance lent to morning's breath,
But sainted charms are consecrated there,
When sweetly pillowed on the bed of death.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RELIGION! Thou art all a noble theme
For inspiration, thou thyself inspired:
Waker of bliss! beyond the poet's dream,
Daughter of Love! in majesty attired
Thou walkest the heavens, yet converse hold'st
With men;
Dweller in Light! within whose ample ken
Lies the broad realm of happiness, I greet
Thee, Essence, not approachless!—with glad feet
Will I attend thee, fountain of my joy,
And quaff from thy right hand, pleasures that
Ne'er will cloy!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A VISION.

It was in a wild hour, where fragrant and green
Hung many a tender, where nature had twined,
I rolled in fancy—gay—thoughtful—serene—
And many fond images played on my mind.
In a twinkling the scenes of my childhood appeared:
Some cheerful—some dark, and embittered with
Tears—
The friends which my youth with affection revered,
The tie often riven—youth's love's sighs and fears.
The present and future alternately claimed,
A tear—a fond hope, which a cloud often veiled:
Can the present a sign for the future be named,
Or the morrow yet prosper the hopes that have
Failed?
I marked, with a sigh, on futurity's page
The path-way with many of life's thorns was
Cloyed:
Breeding ill's unforeseen in my earlier age
The current of bliss with their poison alloyed.

On the ocean before me sailed many a bark—
Which through tempests and calms sped its
Chequered way,
And sunk in the gulf—great—mysterious, and
Dark—
Never more to appear in the light of our day!

Creation still smiled—and new ages appeared,
Thought still followed thought in their unceasing
Way,
It was done!—Now the last trumpet's echoes were
Heard
"Earth and sea gave their dead,"—nature melted
Away!!

PASQUIN.

August, 1822.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Imitated from the Italian of Crescimbeni.
BY JAMES MONTGOMERY

I asked the Heavens:—"What foe to God hath
done
"This unexampled deed?"—The Heavens ex-
claim,
"Twas Man;—and we in horror snatch'd the sun
"From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the Sea:—"The Sea in fury boil'd,
And answer'd with his voice of storm:—"Twas
Man."
"My waves in panic at his crime recoil'd,"
"Disclosed the abyss, and from the centre ran."
I asked the Earth:—"The Earth replied aghast,
"Twas Man;—and such strange pangs my bosom
rent,
"That still I groan and shudder at the past."
"To Man, gay, smiling, thoughtless Man, I went,
And ask'd him next—He turn'd a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and dight me no reply.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MARRIAGE—a Parody.

"To woo or not to woo"—That's the question;
Whether 'tis wiser in a Man to suffer
The cruel pinches of a straightened fortune,
Or to take arms 'gainst some rich widow's suitor,
And, by opposing, beat them. To woo—to wed—
No more; and by a Wedding say we silence
The creditor, and a thousand loud-mouth'd pests
That bark at poor men—their consumption
Were better to be wish'd. To woo—to wed!
To wed—perchance to be hen-peck'd. There's
the rub—
For in that union what jars may come,
When we have shuffled on the fatal yoke,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes our celibacy last so long:
For who would bear the plagues of poverty,
The Pair's neglect; the Dandies contumacy;
The pangs that dull infidelity; the laws pursuit;
The death of dinner, and the mournful waste
That active time in galligaskins wears,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a gold ring? Who'd live a subaltern,
To drill and dress under a martinet,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
(That knot indissoluble, from whose noose
No sufferer can be freed,) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear our own misshaps
Than fly to others that a Wife would bring—
Thus Women do make noodles of us all;
And thus the bare attempt to a flirtation
Is strangled by the terror of a match,
And many a pleasant, freedom-loving youth,
With this regard his courtship turns awry,
And shuns the name of Husband. T. P.

THE SOLITAIRE—No. III.

"The worst people are most injured by
Slanders, as we usually find that to be the best
fruit which the birds have been picking at."

DEAR SWIFT.

There are many persons whose chief
pleasure is to wound the reputation of
their neighbours. They will descend from
your public to your private character—
from the affairs of the parlour down to the
petty concerns of the kitchen. This mean
and ungenerous spirit; these ill-natured
humours; this more than fiend-like disposi-
tion is so extremely base and absurd,
that if instances of it did not daily occur
through life it would be almost impossible
for a man of sense to believe them. How
abject and mean must that man be who
cannot converse but upon the vices of his
fellow beings—who is always ready to re-
port any thing to their disadvantage, and
careful to conceal whatever good qualities
they may possess. Slander is like a heavy
shower, and though you may stand dry
under the pent-house of your conscience,
the world does not see it, and what is
worse they will not see it. Men in this
respect differ from angels—they having
more joy over one fallen sinner than over
a hundred just persons. It is in the power
of every person to preserve his probity,
but no man living can say, that he can
preserve his reputation while there are so
many evil tongues in the world ready to
blast the fairest character, and so many
open ears ready to receive their reports.
Cicero in one of his pleadings, defending
his client from general scandal, says:—"There
are many who have particular en-
gagements to the prosecutor; there are
many who are known to have ill-will to
him for whom I appear; there are many
who are naturally addicted to defamation,
and envious of any good to any man, who
may have contributed to spread reports of
this kind: for nothing is so swift as scandal,
nothing is more easily sent abroad,
nothing received with more welcome, no-
thing diffuses itself so universally. I shall
not desire, that if any report to our disad-
vantage has any ground for it, you would
overlook or extenuate it: But if there be
any thing advanced, without a person can
say whence he had it, or which is attested
by one who forgot who told him it, or who
had it from one of so little consideration
that he did not then think it worth his
notice, all such testimony as these, I know
you will think too slight to have any credit
against the innocence and honour of your
fellow citizen."

To Die!—Ah, solemn sound! yet sure nature
recoils at the gloomy thought and fain would pass
it over. The tyrant may forget the object of his
revenge, the parent her smiling offspring, and man
his God, but death remembers man must die—
Our lot remains unchanged—our doom fixed—
Earthly splendour has no exemption from his
shafts: youth and beauty must obey his mandates.
To-day in health, to-morrow food for worms.
The tender ties of earth cannot prolong our stay:
The tear of paternal fondness, conjugal affection,
avail not; the tide of life spent, we must depart to
worlds unknown. The pillow of disease is the
moment of reflection; we then cast a retrospec-
tive eye on time past in improprieties; we bid
them not welcome; the intruders fix on our minds,
and torture our departing spirits.

View this picture, ye giddy triflers; ye fashion-
able libertines, cease to mock Omnipotence. In
the last dread conflict, friends may wish in vain;
nature's struggle lost: Death is conqueror still—
reflect—reform.

THE ITINERANT—No. IV.

"From grace to go, from lively to severe."
DISGUISED CONDUCT OF A YOUNG LADY—Eliza
Embert, a young Parisian lady, resolutely discar-
ded a gentleman to whom she was to have been
married, because he ridiculed Religion. Having
given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "That a
man of the world would not be so old-fashioned
as to regard God and religion." Eliza started—
but on recovering herself, said, "From this mo-
ment, I cease to be yours. He who does not love
and honor God, can never love his wife constantly
and sincerely."

GENIUS.—The consciousness of genius is al-
ways at first accompanied with diffidence. No
forward child, however extraordinary the promise
of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly
great.

MUTABILITY OF FASHION.—A gentleman who
had been commissioned by his wife to make a
purchase for her at a milliner shop, being accost-
ed by a friend on his return, begged to be excused
from stopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his
wife, and was afraid the fashion would change be-
fore he got home.

INSCRIPTION.—In a Latin inscription on the
tomb of Mr. Rush, a Vinegar merchant at Chap-
ham, England, it is stated that he was a greater
man than Hannibal, as the Carthaginian general
only cut his way through the Alps with vinegar,
but Mr. Rush cut his way through the world
with it.

TO KNOW OUR PROFESSION only is enough for
one man to know; and this (whatever the profes-
sion may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned.
Be content, therefore, with one good employ-
ment; for if you profess to understand two at a
time, people will give you business in neither.

ANALYSIS.—Dr. Burnet, speaking of Addison,
says, "He had the profoundest veneration for the
great God of Heaven and earth that ever I ob-
served in any person. The very name of God
was never mentioned by him without a pause and
a visible stop in his discourse."

HOPE.—A ship should not be moored by one
anchor, nor life on a single hope.
Celestial peace! all lovely as thou art!
Dear as the blood that warms the human heart,
Patron of Science! nurse of every good,
The rich man's blessing, and the poor man's food,
O, may thy gentle influence still prevail,
Trade ope her mines, and Commerce spread her
sails. W. P. S.

The Hoghead of Odd Things—No. 1.

"Homo sum, et humani me nil alienum puto."

MEANS. Editors,

The poverty of our greatest authors is not un-
frequently spoken of by some as though they
considered it the almost unavoidable concomitant
of a great genius. They suppose that to be learned
we must be poor, and that whoever seeks to
acquire the honour and reputation of a great scholar,
must consign himself to misery and want.—But I
am rather inclined to believe that the acquisition
of knowledge is not so much the dissipation
of wealth, as the absence of wealth is necessary
for the acquirement of knowledge. It has been
said by one who well knew the labours of study,
that "unless the mind be impelled by some pow-
erful necessity it will seldom exert its powers
even to obtain its fondest wishes,"—and if we ex-
amine into the lives of those who have been most
distinguished for their scientific attainments, it
will generally be found that they have arisen from
a lowly and humble condition. It was not their
eager thirst for praise, nor the desire of being use-
ful that alone excited them to action; but, as one
very candidly confesses, "they were driven on by
the fear of evil, rather than attracted by the pros-
pect of good."

The mind of man is naturally roving and un-
settled. Active in creating its own native fancies
and pursuing them through the wide regions of
imagination. Hence the greatest exertion is re-
quired to bring it within proper subjection, and
bind it down to those subjects to which it is na-
turally averse. And the more it has been allowed
to indulge in the gratification and amusements
afforded by wealth, the more averse it be-
comes to the tedious application that is necessary
to be given to the principles of science. While
the man of letters is spending the younger and
more vigorous part of his life in the seclusion of
study, the man of wealth is enjoying all the ease
and luxury of life. He sits enthroned amid the
dazzling profusion of grandeur, from which he
looks down upon the admiring multitude. The
student long labours in obscurity, and when he
comes forth among men, to a great proportion he
must still remain unknown. The wealthy man is
seen, known and admired by all, but the learned
understood only by the few. What wonder, then,
if learning should flourish most among the poorer
class? or, rather, what wonder if the wealthy are
not willing to give up the ease and happiness
wealth affords for the more uncertain attainments
of knowledge.

It is known to many of your readers, that one
of the best productions our language affords, and
which Dr. Young justly calls "a mass of sense,"
was written to defray the funeral expenses of the
author's mother, and many instances of the kind
may be cited to show that necessity is the principal
inducement to application. It has been said
by some that the learned authors were anxious to
point out the disadvantages of wealth, and the
dangerous circumstances attending its possession,
merely because they were deprived of the com-
forts it procures. Be this as it may, my present
purpose is only to consider whether it is not very
apt to retard, if not utterly impede the progress
of students, by engaging their time and attention
in the more pleasing and less advantageous pur-
suit of objects, which continually presents to al-
lure them from the direct road of knowledge.

This road has always been represented by its
travelers as steep and difficult; yet many set out
with light hopes and ambitious views, without
considering the difficulties they must encounter
and the continual labours they must endure.—
They take a wide survey of the field of science,
and vainly hope, at one effort, to grasp its beau-
ties and its treasures. But before they have pro-
ceeded far this delusion vanishes, and but a few
are found bold enough to withstand the shock of
disappointment. They are those to whom fortune
displays none of her gifts; for whom ease spreads
no couch; for whom luxury has nothing to be-
stow, and within whose ears the siren voice of
pleasure has never sounded. HORATIUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BRIDAL; OR THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

It was during my tour in France, that
I passed through the village of T—, not
many miles distant from Paris. Rosy
tinted morn had not long glowed in the
east—the dew of heaven yet sparkled upon
the ground—the feathered songsters still
melodiously warbled their matin hymn of
gratitude and praise:—and the opening
flowers casting their fragrance upon the
bosom of the passing zephyr, scented the
air with their sweets. I had set out early
in order to gain the city before the meri-
dian sun interposed its rays to rob expan-
sive nature of her charms. As I proceed-
ed, all at once,

Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the ear."

I turned me round, and on a green sward
observed a number of peasants of both
sexes, bedecked in their holiday clothes,
dancing to the merry notes of the guitar
and tambourine. I dismounted from my
horse, and giving him in charge of a boy
at the road-side, repaired to the spot to
take a more minute survey of the joyful
assemblage. As I approached near, I was
saluted by an elderly and venerable per-
sonage, (likely the master of the ceremo-
nies,) who, while he bade me welcome,
informed me that they were celebrating
the annual festival of their Hamlet, which,
on this occasion, was rendered unusually
attractive in consequence of a wedding
that was about to take place. I had not
long been a spectator, before I readily dis-
tinguished the youthful bride and bride-
groom. The latter appeared, like Apollo,
tall, finely formed, and graceful in all his
movements, with a countenance which be-
spoke the felicity that awaited him, and
which was reflected from a quick, pleas-
ing and animated pair of sparkling eyes.—
But the bride—the perfect model of love-
liness—she could not have numbered more
than seventeen summers—her skin like ala-
baster, and on her cheek the blushing rose
and lily dwelt,

Whose red and white,
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."
Her deportment was easy and modest,
and seemed to retire from rather than

court admiration; while, as "sunny smiles"
would pass over her face a thousand little
charms seemed to break forth from their
concealment.

When the amusements had concluded,
they took the path to the village chapel,
accompanied by a train of relatives and
friends, while I also followed close in the
rear. The holy father was ready with his
book—the youth led the trembling maid
to the altar, and as she breathed forth her
responses, I never heard a voice so melo-
dious—it was soft as "summer winds," and
"tender as the sound of love."

"I had tarried too long—I hast-
ened from the enchantress, wondering
within myself how any human being could
resist woman's matchless charms. R. E.

"POP THE QUESTION"

Fudge! said my father to me one day, when I
told him that I had made up my mind to marry
Miss Q.—How do you know she'll have you boy?
I have you *popped the question* yet? What do you
mean sir, (said I,) by *popping the question*? *Who*
(said my father,) if that's all you know about
courtship, be assured you'll live single all your
life—go and ask the girl if she knows what it
means.

As I had long indulged a passion for Miss Q. I
had hopes from my favourable reception, of making
her my wife; but never had the courage to ask
her to have me. Often had I sat down, and wrote
the most eloquent speeches, which I carefully com-
mitted to memory, for the purpose of making my
love known to her; but my heart always failed me
when the time came for their delivery. At this
time long boots were worn, the tassels of which
were torn to pieces, and the ends of my fingers
bit to the quick, while making an effort to deliver
my address. My throat always became dry, and my
memory failed me so, that I could neither
think of what I wished to say, nor speak if I had
thought. Every moment I fixed the next for the
time to begin, but to no purpose, for I was dumb
until my fair one would break the silence, by ask-
ing the news, or offering me "a penny for my
thoughts." One evening as we sat upon the sofa,
it occurred to my mind, the conversation which I
had with my father, and I accordingly asked Miss
Q. what the meaning of *popping the question* was?
She hesitated a moment, and after recovering from
a little embarrassment, very significantly observed,
"I expected that was what brought you so often
to our house. Before I can have you, you must
ask father and mother, and if they have no objec-
tion, 'P'—what? I exclaimed, have me!"
—"Yes." O what a simper (thought I) have I
been. A young lady unacquainted with the world,
that she should have given herself away to a man,
whose ignorance denied him all the pleasure of
courtship! I could not sit, but got up and went
home ashamed of myself, almost determined not
to marry, because I had not asked my mistress to
have me.

When I reached home, I told my father what
had happened. He laughed heartily at me, and
said that he knew how it would turn out. Be as-
sured boy, (said he,) the girls are not such hard-
hearted creatures as the men choose to mak-
e them appear, and if young men would, instead of
their sonnets and love sick ditties, address them
with, Miss will you have me, there would be very
few of your three and four years courtship.
Pop the question right away." EXPERIENCE.

A LADY'S FOOT.

What in nature is so beautiful, so lovely, so ten-
der, as the little foot of a fair lady? Surely this
sweet part of the form was made for execution yet
unknown. The hand is exercised by orators to
give force to utterance, and strength to expres-
sions of the strongest passions. In grief the hand
is irresistibly drawn to the bosom, and its pressure
gives relief; the finger pointed in scorn is the
plainest signal of contempt, and the hands clasped
and uplifted to heaven, is the most solemn of all
expressions. I have seen a woman in grief, and
there was more sorrow in the attitude of her hand,
and more meekness and plaintiveness in a certain
position of her fingers, than in the holi-
ness of her uplifted countenance, or in the tear
drops that hung on her eye lashes. If the hand is
so powerful and efficient an engine of the soul, why
should the foot be considered merely the pedes-
tal of the human statue? What gives the march
to the hero, the stride to the conqueror, the fleetness
to the lover, attitude to woman? Who knows?

The love that slumbers in a lady's foot?
If the cavalier throws himself at the feet of his mis-
tress, why should not his lips press and breathe on
them the spirit of love? Why should not his hand
impart to them the thrills of its touches? Oh,
how have I started, and longed for a *modeste ma-
nus impudens*, when I have beheld Crispin with his
measure at the foot of a lady! Oh, how have I
shuddered, when I have seen Belinda's dear little
foot sink forever out of sight in the silyly abyss of
his palm! Oh, how have I quaked, when I have
seen the dear little thing swallowed up forever in
the grating jaws of his list! How true, has my
fancy caught when sitting at an awful distance
from Belinda, I have caught this sweet little in-
teresting and cooling on her cricket? How
has my imagination transformed the vile four-leg-
ged stool into a little shrine, and her foot into the
offering of beauty to love!

COMMUNICATION.

Etymology of the words Sheriff and Attorney.

In the time of the Saxons, the freemen in every
shire in England met twice a year under the
presidency of the *shire reeve*, as he was then called,
or Sheriff. This meeting was called the *shire
reeves turne*, and was a court in which grievances
were redressed, officers elected, &c. By degrees
the freemen declined going in person, and the
reeves that did still attend carried with them
the proxies of those who stood at home, and he
who thus went was said, according to the old
Saxon, to go *at the Turne*, hence came the word
Attorney.

FROM A LATE FRENCH TOURIST.

SCOTCH WOMEN

The women of Glasgow have generally and ju-
diciously kept the old Scotch cloak, which is ex-
ceedingly well adapted to the rigorous climate
of the country. This cloak, which is exceedingly
like the Venetian domino, is pretty often of a dark
woollen cloth of little show. The most elegant are
of that pretty tartan stuff, which was fancied for
some time by the ladies of Paris. The women of
the lower classes, almost all those of the middling,
and a considerable number of those of the higher
classes, go barefooted. Some have adopted shoes
only. The fashionable ladies who have adopted the
Parisian dress have also borrowed the shape
of their shoes, though in reality they are more like
those of men; but this part of their accoutrements
is what incommodates them the most, and is what

they throw off with most pleasure when they are
at liberty. A brilliant Scotch B. B. has hardly ex-
hausted the admiration of the *fashionables* in Glas-
gow, when she longs for solitude, and the first
thought that occupies her in some bye-path, some
solitary garden, or in the mysterious obscurity of
her chamber, is not, as with us, the recollection
of the last man who looked at her with a sigh, or
the last woman who relished her toilet; it is the
impatient want of taking off her shoes and stock-
ings, and to run with bare feet on the carpet, the
turf, or the sand of the high road.

DEATH AND CUPID—A FABLE.

Jupiter sent Death and Cupid to travel to-
gether round the world, giving each of them a
bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his
back. It was ordered by the dispenser of human
affairs, that the arrows of Love should only wound
the young, in order to supply the decays of mortal
man; and those of Death were to strike old age
and free the world from a useless charge. Our
travellers being one day extremely fatigued with
their journey, rested themselves under the Avens
of a wood, and throwing down their arrows in a
promiscuous manner before them, they both fell
fast asleep. They had not resumed themselves
long, before they were awakened by a sudden
noise. Hastily gathering up their arrows, each in
the confusion took by mistake some of the darts
that belonged to the other. By this means it fre-
quently happened that Death vanquished the
young, and that Cupid the old. Jupiter observed
the error, but did not think proper to redress it,
foreseeing that some good might arise from the
unlucky exchange—and in fact, if men were wise,
they would learn from this mistake, to be ap-
prehensive of Death, in their youth and to guard
against the amorous passion in old age.

ORIGIN OF THE NINE MUSES.

The Muses consisted originally of only three in
number: Mnemosyne, Memory—Meloë, Media-
tion—and Arde, Song. They were augmented to
the number of nine, because the inhabitants of
their ancient town, desirous of placing in the temple
of Apollo, statues of the Muses, and possessing
three of extraordinary beauty, they ordered three
of the most skilled sculptors to execute, each, the
statues of the three Muses. They completed the
nine, from which it was proposed to select three,
the most perfect: but the nine were so exquisitely
beautiful, it was agreed to take them all, and place
them in the temple, and call them the Nine Muses.
From this accident they derive their origin, and
the six other attributes of poetry were given to the
additional sisters.

CALLING the deeds of heroes sing,
Great Otto sweeps to history the strings,
ENTERPRISE teaches mines their silent show,
MELPOMENE presides o'er scenes of woe,
TERPSICHOORE the flute's soft power displays,
And ERATO gives hymns, the gods to praise,
POLYMNIA's shell inspires melodious strains,
GRANIA, wiser, the stary course explains,
And gay THALIA's glass points out where folly
reigns.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE IRISH PEOPLE.

Why do we not exert that benign virtue, *Char-
ity*, given us for wise purposes? Why do not the
citizens of this favoured city come forward with
their accustomed zeal and mitigate the heart-rend-
ing suffering of that oppressed class of fellow
beings on the other side of the water?—Who can
read the dreadful accounts of famine, disease, and
death, that is now desolating the habitations of
Ireland, and not feel the sympathetic attribute of
which our nature is susceptible on their account.
Funds could be raised to some considerable amount
and provisions could be sent, which might arrive
there in two or three weeks. We might reason-
ably hope that such a relief, however small, would
be very acceptable to the numerous poor of that
unhappy country. If a few individuals would vol-
unteer and begin a subscription for such a pur-
pose, it is confidently believed that their labours
would be crowned with success.

GALAWAY.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The London Hibernian Society, since the com-
mencement of their schools in Ireland, have re-
ceived under their tuition above one hundred and
fifty thousand children, and above seven thousand
adults. Among those educated in these schools,
it is believed none have been arraigned for any
crime, whereas it is calculated that about twenty
one out of a thousand in that country are commit-
ted to prison.

The Boston Female Jews Society, have resolved
to appropriate their funds in future to the support
of a missionary to the Jews, who reside in the
countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

The eighth anniversary meeting of the Metho-
dist Missionary Society for the York district, was
lately held in York, England. Among the gentle-
men who addressed the meeting, was the Rev. J.
Hawley, formerly an officer in the dragoons. From
statements made to the meeting it appeared that
the Methodist missionaries employed in the four quarters
of the world 130 missionaries, besides schoolmas-
ters, &c. They have near 20,000 members, in so-
ciety, about 200,000 hearers, and 10,000 heathen
children under instruction, on their different Mis-
sionary stations, in the whole of which they re-
ported improvements. There was raised through-
out these societies last year, for their support
20,531£ and their expenditure was 24,431£.

Anti Missionary Spirit.—The *Palmyra*, (N. Y.)
Gazette, states that a deputation of five chiefs from
the Six Nations, lately arrived at that village, the
principal object of which, seems to be, to request
the *Friends* to use their influence, to free them
from the Missionaries now in their borders. *Red
Jacket* made a speech, in which, after a long exor-
dium, he said that the whites, who instituted and
attended meetings among them, stole their houses,
drove off their cattle, and took their lands.

A ludicrous and venial, if not justice-termina-
ted incident, occurred in this city on Tuesday last.
A stranger who goes by the name of Parker, ar-
rived in the steam boat and put up at one of our
respectable public houses. Having ordered a pint
of wine after dinner, it was deposited at his feet in
a cooler, of which he was ignorant.—Not observing
the much inspiring beverage beside his plate, he
rose from the table in a violent passion, abused
the landlord's name in the presence of his guests,
proceeded to the bar room more loud and vociferous
in his exclamations of resentment, that gentle-
men at such a place, should meet with such ac-
commodations—and in the midst of his tempestu-
ous career, was suddenly arrested by an officer for
having taken away without license, a gentleman's
property to the amount of twenty-five hundred dol-
lars. As the officer was leading his victim away,
if not to better at least to more suitable lodgings,
we understand the bar keeper coolly said, *Pray do
not be in such a hurry with the gentleman, suffer him
at least to drink his wine*. We are gratified to learn,
that this is a foreign specimen of politeness and
morality.—*Baltimore Morning Chronicle*.

